

JANUARY.

THE
MANIFESTO.

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

VOL. XVIII.

"Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children
of God."—Matt. v., 9.

CANTERBURY, N. H.

1888.

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The Manifesto.

VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

The Gospel Testimony of Mother Ann
Lee and the Elders, William Lee and
James Whittaker.

No. 22.

*Published expressly for the several Commu-
nities of Believers in 1816. Re-written by
Henry C. Blinn.*

Journey from Harvard to Petersham.

On the 4th of July, 1783, Mother Ann and the Elders left the Believers in Harvard and made a journey to Petersham, Mass. They tarried with the family of David Hammond. Quite a little company of Believers went with them, who had come from different sections of the country.

On the third day after their arrival, a body of people, who were returning from a funeral, gathered around the house and in an unpleasant manner seemed determined to enter. It was a very singular proceeding. David Hammond and others who were standing in the halls of the dwelling prevented their ingress. Elder James Whittaker observing their riotous spirit read to them the "Bill of Rights," which grants to Christians of every denomination, equal rights and privileges, in the exercise and enjoyment of their religious profession and worship.

He then reasoned with them, for some time, and endeavored to show them that such proceedings, were unchristian, unlawful, unmanly and abusive.

Others of the Elders also addressed the company and reminded them of the abuse which the Elders had suffered in Petersham at an earlier date. Mother Ann admitted several of the company into the house and pointed out to them a narrow passage in the rear of the chimney, where she said, "They thrust me through that place. It seemed as though they would press the breath from my body. I was never so abused in all my life."

Soon after this the company withdrew, but to their dishonor, be it said, they returned near the close of the day, with every indication that they were bent on mischief. Only a few of them were allowed to enter the house. Mother Ann and the Elders passed up stairs, into a chamber. The mob next attempted to reach the upper windows of the dwelling but were not successful. Some of the Brethren reproved the mob for their ungodly behavior, but as they seemed to be determined on acts of wickedness, it did little or no good. Stones and sticks were thrown in at the windows, and several persons were more or less injured; yet in the midst of all the tur-

moil the Believers began to sing a hymn of praise and prayer. Several were able to testify to their faith in the cross, and that in all boldness. The evil influence, however, predominated among the mob and they became very noisy and abusive. One man by the name of Witt, struck Br. Aaron Wood with a club, so furiously that he fell to the ground, and was unable to move.

At that moment some one cried out, "You have killed him" and Elder James added, "Mark the man that killed Br. Aaron." Instantly the mob began to disperse, and ran in every direction, clambering over the walls and fences in such confusion that the scene became perfectly ludicrous.

The Believers taking advantage of the hasty retreat gave three cheering shouts which made the woods echo with joy.

There was no more harm that night, but on the following evening the house was again surrounded by a noisy rabble, who were mocking, hooting, and yelling like savages. A pistol was discharged in at the window, apparently with a view to frighten the Believers, but the singing and speaking proceeded as though nothing had happened.

Night after night these wicked people would gather around the house where the Believers were holding their meetings and create a disturbance by their unpleasant noises and rude behavior. This continued most of the time while they remained in Petersham.

Mother Ann and the Elders comforted the Brethren and Sisters and counseled them to forget their troubles and to remember their sorrow no more.

At one time Elder William Lee discovered three men, as they came across

the fields, toward the house, and calling to the Brethren, advised them to take care of their things. "The wicked are coming," said he, "and the wicked will do wickedly." Mother Ann called several of the Believers, and said to them, "Go quickly and see what they want, and just as you deal with them, so Christ will deal with you." These men appeared to have but little sense of the mission upon which they had been sent. They came in great zeal and running as fast as they could, shouting and making a great noise. They were strangers to the Believers. Suddenly they turned and ran from the house with utmost speed, and appeared to be very much frightened.

The next mission of Mother Ann and the Elders was to the town of Cheshire where they arrived July. 18 1783, and called at the home of Joseph Burnett. They remained with this family over the Sabbath and held a public service. Large numbers came to attend the meeting. All the Elders addressed the assembly, and opened the gospel testimony with great clearness.

At the close of the service several persons came to the house and used very abusive language toward the Elders, and especially toward Mother Ann. One of the young sisters remarked, "She is my Mother;" "She is my Mother." This put them to silence and they left the place very much ashamed of their conduct. After holding meetings in Cheshire about one week they went to the town of Richmond.

Behold! another day is gone,
Look back, my soul and see,
If every passing moment's borne
A good report of thee.—A. J. Calver.

THE NEW YEAR.

AGNES E. NEWTON.

We've finished the page and turned the leaf
To begin another year;
We've reviewed the same, balanced account,
Our credit and debt made clear.
We've written the lines we thought to write
With earnest and soulful care;
When the New Year dawned with snowy page
And our hearts were bowed in prayer.

The record is there, never erased,
The false nor the true can be;
'Tis written we know for more than time,
It stands for eternity.
Yet we find our hearts are striving today
With purpose still firm and true;
To profit by truths the past has taught
And gladly accept the new.

Unchanging the law of perfect growth,
The new shall succeed the old;
E'en the blighted fields and barren waste
Shall verdure and bloom unfold.
Then welcome the cross and life of Christ,
Creating all things anew;
We pray that its light, our souls, may guide
And inspire the whole year through.

The sorrows or joys the New Year brings,
The Christian heart can meet;
Where Christ is enthroned, in vain the storms
And tempests of life may beat.
Ah! hidden with Christ, a safe retreat.
His mission and law our guide;
The tempter may come but nothing find
As we in the Vine abide.

Canterbury, N. H.

FIGHTING NEGATIONS.

OLIVER C. HAMPTON.

Love and not hate is to save us all, if
we ever are saved. It is vastly better
to cultivate a love and interest for a virtue,
than to employ our time in parading
before us and hating its opposite.
Can't we love Mercy without taking the

trouble to bring before our minds, scenes
of appalling cruelty as so many "men
of straw" and hating them? Can't we
love purity without the necessity of tax-
ing our imaginations to remember or
perhaps even create images of disgust-
ing sensuality, so that we can hate them
and fight them?

I should not wonder if we eventually
came to find that a godly man—a Chris-
tian, is under no necessity to hate any-
thing. What are sinful habits, courses,
—propensities, anyhow? They are vio-
lated laws. They are "lines of confu-
sion, and stones of emptiness."

Mere negations, to be substituted soon-
er or later in every case, by love, wis-
dom, purity, patience, kindness and in-
telligence. Let us love the good and
cultivate it and let what we call the evil
die a natural death (if any one thinks it
is possessed of vital elements) and let it
be relegated to the limbo of everlasting
forgetfulness as soon as possible.

In our zeal in hating a violation of any
of God's good laws we are so very prone
to hate the violator, that our hatred is
almost sure to consume nearly every bit
of our charity. But our blessed Savior
and Mother don't allow that on any con-
sideration whatever. It seems to me a
reasonable, philosophical and even inspi-
rational suggestion that we should culti-
vate as much love and as little hatred as
possible, and if guided hereinto by holy
and heavenly impulses of wisdom from
above which the beloved Apostle assures
us is "first pure, then peaceable" we
shall climb the great ladder toward per-
fection with much security and peace.

Now for a little experience. When I
first set out to be a Shaker the cry was
war to the knife against the "world, flesh
and devil." I pitched in and fought in

those wars for many years. We shook, vociferated, stamped and in every way, demonstrated outwardly what was going on inwardly. We used to sing:

"The greatest war beneath the sun
Has surely now with us begun,
Each soul must fight (?) or surely run
And leave the valiant numbers."

And also:

"When once we've entered the campaign
We need not think to fly,
Our freedom then we have to gain
'Tis conquer then or die.
For if we should the cause desert,
Or yield unto the foe,
To endless shame we must depart
Where all such cowards go."

These warring scenes sometimes seemed to have a strange effect upon me. At such times the stronger the belligerent demonstration the fuller of evil I seemed to become and consequently the farther I felt from the victory. But I was told that it was to be compared with medicine, which in order to do any good, must first rouse up all the latent elements of disease, after which it could and would eliminate them from the system. So I let it go, and fought on.

After many years of this military life, I solemnly made a review of my experience and found myself appallingly poor and destitute of patience, forgiveness, charity and unselfishness. I had experienced but a very small portion of divine love by which my spirit was allured and brought into the wilderness of silence, and spoken comfortably unto. So I felt very poor and disconsolate after twenty years of military life wherein I had never missed a single battle.

I now began earnestly to love and cultivate all that was good and wise, high and holy, sweet and unselfish, kind and sympathetic, beautiful and sublime,

poetic and harmonious. I have pursued this plan for many years and gained the unspeakable riches of peace and righteousness flowing from a quiet practical self-abnegation. I have gone through terribly exhausting physical labors, fighting for spiritual emancipation. But I have gained more real travel in prayer and peace and tranquility and love to God and practical goodness, to man, in one year by my later spiritual regime than in many of the years of my former experience.

It may be that all may not be able to receive these sayings of mine. Yet I am not afraid to exhort all to cultivate in thought, word and practice, all that is good, holy and heavenly until such a sweet life is a second nature with them, and forget as fast as possible all that is below this high standard, and I will guarantee all such a swift, happy and successful travel heavenward.

Union Village, O.

Four Queries about the Shakers. No. 1.

CHANCY DIRBLE.

Form of Worship.

It is supposed by some that we have a variety of monkish forms to which all must submit, but this soon vanishes from the mind of one who learns how few are the ceremonies with us, one side of necessary duties and industries. Our worship is perhaps the most peculiar part, to which some think we are very much wedded, whereas in reality we have no faith in any form, farther than it is expressive of emotion and reverence to our Divine Parents.

The form is of no consequence; all depends upon the purity and sincerity of

the worshipers. Whether we sit or stand, kneel, sing, march or dance; all must proceed from reverence and love, or worship of any kind becomes formal and lifeless. Our leaders were prompted to this form by aspirations after the power of salvation from sin. Every motion had its original signification.

The march, that we are ever on the move toward perfection. Our hands are spread, in token that we are needy and anxious to gather from spiritual sources. We shake with indignation against the nature of evil in our own hearts. We dance for our victories over the temptations of life, which so often sink men and women in degradation. The fitness and congeniality of our worship to all ages and dispositions, is appreciated by such as realize the failing of lifeless forms to which fashionable churches hold.

The congregation seated in their easy pews, witnessing the performance of some theologian who displays himself, perhaps more than he displays the gospel; thus one man does the worshipping while the crowd look on.

We do not wonder that people educated to old forms, should look with surprise at so wide a deviation as we have made. Daunting upon the Sabbath, according to the blue laws, such should be imprisoned for desecration of the day. Shaking, why what fools to thus manifest our indignation against dirty, sinful habits. But is it not right to act out what we honestly feel? Who in seasons of revival finds fault with the sinner, under conviction, for acting out that to which the spirit impels him?

On the whole, our worship is not merely a curiosity, for there is no position that brings us nearer in harmony with spirits.

While our exercises enliven the physical part, the mind is active and receptive, not for tipping tables or materialization, but for an overcoming power against sin, which reigns in the human heart and in Society.

Waverly, N. Y.

Thoughts of the absent and of our day and time.

MARY WHITCHER.

'Tis not for the departed
That we are called to weep,
Or for the honest hearted
Who still their vigils keep.
But for an aid in Zion
Of equal strength and care
Her inmates can rely on
And all the needy share.
Something must fill this measure
A living pool to stand,
Or Zion lacks the treasure
Required at her hand.

Some one must hold her order,
Obey her sacred truth,
Maintain her virgin whiteness,
Or who shall know her worth?
Where is the burden falling
Where are the hands well staid
And where the feet established
Through living faith obeyed?
And can we lose our birthright
When called the chosen seed,
Or shall we hold our standing
Till we are free indeed?

The spirit answers in us,
We must obey our light,
And walk in true uprightness
If we maintain the right.
No longer point the pathway
But place our feet therein,
And from the morn till evening
Sin not, nor lead to sin,
Duties are always with us
And those who need our care,
And as we give, we're given
Increase for all we share.

'Tis not a fabled story,
 But those who keep the word,
 They know and feel the glory
 And power of their God,
 To walk above earth's darkness
 Her groveling and her sin,
 Above all nature's cravings
 With spirit pure and clean.
 Then keep the standard waving
 The cross we'll not bring down
 But every trial braving
 Till ours, the Conqueror's crown.
Canterbury, N. H.

Written for THE MANIFESTO.

ANN LEE—THE SEER.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CASSANDRAS have their fervid visions cried;
 Unheeded Sibyls on the unwilling air
 Have cast their inspirations in despair.
 Joan of Arc, her simple flock beside,
 Wept o'er her country's wrongs, nor dared to hide
 The Voice that bade her virgin feet repair
 Where slaughtering men and ruined cities were;
 And forth she went, truth panepled, and died.
 And not the less from out the sons roll
 The Voice by prophet heard and ancient seer,
 And chasteley o'er Ann Lee's inspired soul,
 Love, such as angels know, to angels dear,
 Enshrined the Gospel of the Higher Life,
 Symbolled by Adam ere he sought a wife.
Hollywood, N. C.

SABBATH EVENING.

MARY H. CASWELL.

THE Sabbath day was ended,
 The Bible placed aside;
 Full many texts I'd gathered
 From this unerring guide
 Which rested on my spirit
 As rays of purest light,
 Revealing to me clearly
 My duty in God's sight.

Though oft through early childhood,
 And e'en in wayward youth,
 I'd read these sacred lessons,
 And learned to love their truth;
 Yet, in the recent review
 Of ancient precepts rare,
 One 'mong the many others
 Engrossed my special care.

'Twas uttered by our Savior,
 Most sweetly, calmly given
 To his devout disciples
 To point the way to Heaven;

See Luke.

Except ye be converted
 And like a child become,
 Ye can in no wise enter
 The Kingdom as my own.

So positive this statement,
 I ask who can gain-say
 This truth divinely spoken
 A truth that lives to-day?
 And thus I said 'tis folly,
 For one to entertain
 A hope to reign in glory,
 Without a righteous claim.

Henceforth may angels witness,
 My promise which shall be,
 To seek the Father's Kingdom,
 Through blest humility.

Canterbury, N. H.

A TRUE STORY.

LOUIS BASTING.

TRAVELING recently through Southern Kentucky we became acquainted with a gentleman whose probity and integrity is well known throughout that section of the country. During the course of a lengthy journey on the cars he related the following incident which we reproduce here for the benefit of readers of THE MANIFESTO.

The Society of Believers located at Pleasant Hill, Ky., has for some years past permitted camp meetings to be held on its grounds. As a consequence many called for food and lodging and were entertained according to the ability of the Society. The chief attraction at last year's encampment was a noted evangelist. Among those who availed themselves of the Society's hospitality was the aforementioned Rev. S. J. Coming

one morning into the office with a swaggering sort of manner, cigar in mouth and spitting tobacco juice on the clean floor he began a general criticism of Believers, their manners, system and theology.

An aged gentleman who was visiting a daughter, who was a member of the Society at last ventured to check the speaker's volubility, by asking him what particular point of their theology was objectionable. The answer was that the celibacy practiced by Believers was anti-christian and unscriptural. Then his questioner remarked with some warmth: "Do you know what you are talking about? Have you read the New Testament? Was not Jesus a celibate and were not his apostles and disciples celibates? The only question today is, who of us is 'able to bear that saying.' Yes, sir, celibacy is the very Cap sheaf of the Christian Religion. And as to manners: look at the inscription over the door—Erected in 1839. Now I venture to assert, that since that inscription was placed there, no gentleman has ever come into this house smoking a cigar and spitting on the floor."

Mr. J. found it best not to continue the conversation on these lines, but others who had witnessed the incident caused it to be related in the papers, and it followed him in his wanderings to Chicago. There he astonished his audience by coming out with a testimony against the use of tobacco. Thus was the Reverend's conversion from tobacco brought about. Ought it to stop there?
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

[How nice it would be if others could follow this example of the Rev. S. J. and astonish the people "by coming out with a testimony against the use of tobacco."—Ed.]

IN MEMORIAM.
ELDER LEMUEL C. TORRY.

BY ALFRED E. DOYLE.

EARTH to earth and dust to dust
For this is Heaven's decree,
And nature bows to pay the debt
That makes the spirit free.
But we who mourn with keen regret
The loss of father, friend and brother
See but the passing glory of this world
And not the rising of another.
Through the valley of the shadow,
One by one alone must tread;
We call this death, but is it true
That ours are with the dead?
Faith and Hope both answer nay,
Death is but the gate of life,
To higher planes and broader fields—
Of onward upward strife.
Our present loss is future gain,
One friend below for one above;
It must be so in God's own law,
For God Himself is love.
We have this hope and can rejoice
In the field well fought and won,
And with him share his well earned joy
To hear the sweet "Well done."
But we shall miss him, Ah how sorely,
The kindly voice and helping hand;
But whispers hope we'll find our own
All in a fairer, better land.
What shall we say, for words are weak,
To these the children of his care?
The Lord of Heaven is the orphan's God,
Take everything to Him in prayer.
For He has promised to kindly temper
The wind to the shorn lamb,
To bless with-holding or bless in giving
The chastening rod or healing balm.
Full well we know, how blest the thought,
The journey he has trod,
Though strewn with thorns led safely on
To the Harvest Home of God.
A fond farewell, a glad God speed
Our father, friend and brother,
Not dead but risen, still let us say—
From this life to another.
This holy faith, Oh glorious hope,
To know whate'er befall,
Of joy or grief in Heaven or earth
God's mercies cover all.
Watervliet, Ohio.

A Tribute to the Memory of our Beloved Sister

LOUISE GUEST.

—
MARY SETTLES.

How soon are we called again to review
And witness the scene which we all must pass through,
But those who are faithful have nothing to fear
When called in that heavenly world to appear.
Death takes of all classes the young and the old,
The weak and the feeble, the stout and the bold,
No one can escape it, but all must resign,
When called by the voice of Almighty Divine.

Yea, all souls in justice their portion must meet,
When called to appear at the great judgment seat;
No one can call back the time they've delayed
But each must appear in the robe they have made.
Then let us my dear loving comrades be wise,
Resolved to be winners of that holy prize,
Come life, or come death let us stand for the Lord,
And die in the cause and defense of his word.

For lo! our sweet moments glide swiftly away,
And soon we'll be called from this frail house of clay,
Then let us prepare with bright angels to dwell,
And bid earth's vain glories a lasting farewell.
We have the example before us now placed,
Of one who has faithfully finished her race,
And gone to explore the bright regions above
There join with the angels in streams of pure love.

She offered to God the first fruits of her life,
Renounced this vain world, with its pleasures and strife
Has stood for the gospel and never looked back,
But kept her feet placed on the firm solid Rock.
She long hath stood with us, through tempest and tide
And no vain allurements could draw her aside,
She always did speak in support of the truth,
And this she has faithfully kept from her youth.

And now like a flower she is pluck'd in her prime,
And gone to a fairer and happier clime,
No more to return to dwell with us again
But in the bright regions of glory remain.
She now can rejoice from the sorrows of earth,
And sing with bright angels in heavenly mirth
And raise the sweet notes of thanksgiving and praise
That she stood for the cause to the end of her days.

And O! that we all may thus finish our days [raise,
That when we are call'd hence, the same notes we may
And pour forth our souls in thanksgiving to God
That by his kind mercy and power we have stood.

O may we all meet in that heavenly land,
United together forever to stand;
Where no earthly troubles can come to annoy,
Our happiness, comfort, and eternal joy.
But there in the mansions of bright glory and peace,
Our glory will shine with an endless increase;
And there we'll rejoice on that bright happy shore,
Where sorrows are ended and parting's no more.

Pleasant Hill, Ky.

IN MEMORIAM.
SISTER, LOUISE GUEST.—
MARY SETTLES.

"Leaves have their time to fall; the stars to set,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
But thou Oh Death! hast for thine own all seasons."

WHEN the lovely autumn was waning, and
in the quiet night as the silvery rays of the
moon shed a soft and starry radiance down
on the earth wrapping it in splendor, a pure
spirit winged its way to its Maker, returned
to the God who gave it. She had no fears of
the future. In her youth she gave her all to
God, and his work, renounced the siren pleas-
ures that are so attractive to the young, and
with a firmness, worthy of a soldier she never
looked back, but onward and upward was her
motto. Our sister was meek, unobtrusive,
quiet in her manners, adorned with the price-
less adorning of humility, faithful in the per-
formance of her duties, kind and respectful
to the aged. We shall miss her when we
meet to worship, as her voice was heard in
these sacred halls. We shall miss her in the
home circle, in all the walks of life where
her usefulness was well known. Her physical
body was worn and weary from the inroads
of disease, and though a patient sufferer, yet
she longed to be free, and to go to the home
above, to rejoin many dear ones who had
preceded her to the home "Over There."
Her good example was before us, and we
shall miss her sadly, but we rejoice that she
is not lost, only gone before, and in a few
brief years we shall bid adieu to things of
time, and lay down the cares of this life and
explore the unknown land "Beyond the smil-
ing and the weeping." We to-day come here
to offer a tribute of respect to the departed,
to drop a tear to her memory, and the loving
hands have arrayed her for the silent tomb.
Her young friends have come to do honor to
her, and bring their floral tributes, mute
offerings to the voiceless one whose hands
are meekly folded over her heart and who
now is rejoicing that her spirit has put on
immortality. We will tenderly lay her away
beneath the sod with the sky and the twink-
ling stars and pale moon, over head, to keep
watch over the spot. The birds will sing a

requiem, and her spirit will go to the land of the immortelles. We who survive are reminded that to some of us the summons may come ere long, as "we know not the day when the Son of Man cometh."

And then I think of one,
Who in her prime and beauty died
The fair meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief.
Yet not unmeet it was
That this dear friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful
Should perish with the flowers.
Pleasant Hill, Ky.

THE CHURCH OF GOD ON EARTH.

CHARLES WM. BUTLER.

O Church of God on earth!
What strong and holy ties
Are thine by virtue of thy birth
And Christian sacrifice!
Hush now the strife of words,
Bid every war-note cease
And deeply sound the music chords
That sing the Prince of Peace!
O Church of God on earth!
The gazing world stands by,
She marks the signs of inner worth
And sees the glory nigh!
Then speak the truth in love,
In faith and patience wait,
If thou wouldst see the whole world move
Within the Church's gate!
O Church of God on earth!
Give thou no place to wrong!
Prove more and more thy Heavenly birth
And stand sublimely strong!
Build in thy temple high and fair
The unifying throne!
That truth divine, undying there,
May glorify its own!—*Selected.*

ALL Christians will be at home what they would fain appear abroad. They should ever be what good people honor and what God can bless.—*A. I. Baker.*

Correspondence.

A Visit to White Water Village, and to Union Village, Ohio, in the Autumn of 1887, by one who was a Shaker Boy.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

EARLY on the morning of Sept. 23, 1887, I started with some friends of our family, having made up my mind to see White Water, a Shaker Village, in Hamilton Co., Ohio. We arranged to make the journey by carriage, as I wished to see any familiar spot on the pike from Cincinnati to the Village. There being no railroad nearer than North Bend of the Ohio River, (some seventeen miles from W. W. V.) when I lived there, but since that time a railroad has been finished to Harrison six miles from the Shakers.

I wished to go the old way, and return by rail. We had a delightful ride. Being in the fall of the year, the forests, and fields appeared so beautifully to me, and of course, as all boys think, no State is like their own, so I think no State is like Ohio, especially, Southern Ohio. Every brook, tree, house and even the cattle that I saw seemed like old friends, and more so as I neared the Village of White Water.

We partook of a fine dinner with an old gentleman and lady, and their adopted daughter, relations of my friends who lived on Paddy's Run, a small stream about four miles from the Shaker Village. I talked of the good people to my friends for all in my mind was the Shakers. After spending a few hours with our host and hostess, we continued our journey, arriving about 6 P. M., at another relation of my friends, where we ate supper, and soon retired for the night. In the morning, I arose quite early for me, and in company with a little boy, after breakfast, ascended a high hill, (there are many south of the Shaker Village,) to take a loving view of my old home, the Shakertown, as the people call it. I viewed all, saw the Centre Family, the large barn, and other objects in the distance. O what thoughts filled me after twenty-three or more years have passed since I saw the old place. How anx-

ious I was to continue the journey. I never will forget it while memory lasts. I had never seen a Shaker or a person who had lived with them in all that time, and so very few that knew anything about them. At last the time came for the start, and another carriage joined us, of the family who entertained us for the night.

As I drove over Dry Fork, a creek running around the Shaker Village, memories came over me; my heart was full, and is as I write this letter. We passed the South Family, the old school-house, the grave-yard, and on up to the Office. Here I met Elder Stephen Ball. We stopped and shook hands. I knew him.

We hitched our horses, and went into the Office and were met by sister Julia Ann Bear. The company remained about half an hour, leaving me to visit my friends. None of them seemed to know me as I have grown very stout weighing some over two hundred pounds. I took a walk after dinner, to see the old places. There was some change after twenty-three years. Visited Howard's Creek, the woods, fish pond, the grave-yard and here saw many names of those who had fought the fight of faith, and entered into their reward. Among them, Elder Ezra Sherman, John Easterbrooks, Ebenezer Rice, a good soul as ever lived, and Josiah Burnham, for many years the trusty man and deacon of the Village. Many names of the Sisters, bright stars in the army of God, who had finished their labors and entered into rest. Many whom I once knew had now passed away.

During my stay I was very kindly treated Charles Stirr, a young man, who does the business, gave me much information as to the present state of the Society, and answered all my questions, which I know were many. I found him polite and entertaining. Stephen Ball also came to see me, and I enjoyed all their visits. Elder Henry Bear, my good friend and Elder visited me quite often. He related to me his religious experience; how he became a Shaker; and I shall never forget his kind words. He has, though he did not speak of it, gone through the furnace of affliction, and I love him as a gospel father. Julia Ann Bear, who has

charge of the office, was very kind to me and talked freely. Mary Ann Wheeler was also at the office. With Br. Charles Stirr I visited the laundry, the stable, the old nursery, the dwelling house, and the meeting room in the old church; all, all, so familiar to me.

I went up to the North Family and visited Eldress Elizabeth Sharp, whom I knew; also Elder Charles Faraday, who was a dear friend of mine. We used to work together in the seed garden. He looked the same but older. We talked of old times and walked down the road together. I went also to the South Family and saw Eldress Betsy Gass and John Atchison. They all seemed like relations of mine, but those I knew in childhood of course were the dearest to me. I also saw Eldress Amanda Rubush, Lucinda Packer and others of the Center Family. I had quite a visit with Eldress Amanda and found her a pleasant lady, the only one left of a large family.

On the Sunday following I attended divine worship, and as they stood in their ranks and sung, how I thought of the time when I had my place among those pure people. Sad thoughts came over me. Some of the songs I had never heard, but one was sung which I have never forgotten.

"O come, I will lead you, I'll clothe and feed you,
And guide you along, by the confluent stream;
Where angels, bright angels, are washing in Jordan,
And you shall be free from all sorrow and pain.

I never will leave you, nay never forsake you,
Though deep tribulations and troubles arise;
But I will be with you my faithful, dear children,
That you may be able to press for the prize."

That was too much, the tears would come in spite of all I could do to prevent them, but I felt better. Of course I missed the large company of former years, I missed the exercise in the stepping, the round dance, the shuffling, and all those beautiful forms of worship I once knew so well and which I think help on the life of a Believer.

I say it, though it may seem strange for a church clergyman to express such views; I believe that life comes by earnestness, even to earnest laboring in the dance, shouting, clapping of hands and violent exercises. We read that "the kingdom of Heaven suffereth (or alloweth) violence, and the violent taketh it by force."

I believe the songs of Zion will again come to be of the lively nature, and companies of people will seek her protection, and the dance, the shaking and all the glories will return to her people, to help them to bear their testimony against sin, and against the world without fear, as brave soldiers of the cross. The gospel trumpet, I believe, has sounded and is sounding now, and the time is near, when all slipshod services will disappear from Zion, and her beauty and her glory will again be restored.

On Monday morning, I bid farewell to the kind friends and rode to Harrison in a Shaker wagon. Here I took the train for Cincinnati, well pleased with my visit, and it can never be effaced from my memory. While at the Hotel I made up my mind that I would visit Union Village, the largest Society of Shakers in the west, and on Tuesday, following, the 26th of Sept., I took the narrow gauge to Lebanon, arriving there about 6 P. M. Hired a carriage to drive up to the Centre Family, and stopped at the Office, where I met the Ministry, three of them being members of the Society of White Water. During my stay, Elder Oliver Hampton spoke very kindly to me, and gave me some books. Among them I have the "Book of Testimonies," which I have sent to be bound, as I prize it a treasure.

Eldress Louisa Farnham, an old friend of mine, entertained me very kindly, and we held a pleasant conversation. Eldress Louisa is not much changed and is seemingly as smart as she was twenty-five years ago. She is a woman of good sound sense, a gift all of us do not have. Such a gift is far better than great learning. We all love Eldress Louisa Farnham. She was the first Shakeress I ever knew, and my mother also was fond of her. She was kind to all, and I hope she will live long to do a good work for the Societies in the West.

I also enjoyed my visit with Elder Oliver, and his words are a goodly treasure in my mind. Eldress Adeline Wells was very kind and pleasant, as were sisters Ann Maria Myers, Susanna Armstrong, Brother Ezra Leggett, the Post Master, Brother Gustave in charge of the office, and Brother Peter Boyd all made my visit very pleasant. I called at

the North Family, and as Eldress Louisa sent me up to see my friends, sister Mary Middleton and Matilda Butler, I found them and found that Sister Mary was also glad to see me, and tears came in her eyes when I told her that years ago, I was a Shaker boy, and at that time she so kindly took care of me and my clothes in the Village at White Water. I am assured that tears are no sign of weakness as foolish people sometimes think, for the bravest and best of men, have often shed tears: Jesus did, and when honest and sincere, the more they touch the heart.

I spent some time talking of days gone by, and I almost felt as though I was prophesying when I told them of a time coming, of religious revival. In the afternoon I attended the funeral of a sister at the West Family. The services were without ostentation or show, but solemn. I rode back to the office, and left for Lebanon in a buggy with Eldress Adeline and Sister Susanna. We did some shopping, (or rather I went with them to do some shopping) and felt honored to be seen with my Shaker friends.

Bidding the Sisters good bye, I took the train for Cincinnati. My visits will always be remembered as a bright oasis in the desert of this life, and one of the brightest pages in the memory of my soul.

I still maintain, if a person is an honest Shaker, he is to me the "Salt of the earth," and a light in the world.

Sincerely Yours,
JOSEPH L. BERNE.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., NOV. 1887.

Respected Friend, Prof. G. V.:—I learned from a Kansas paper that you are connected with a form of Social Life embracing "Shaker principles minus celibacy."

To me, the civilizations of the past and present, are the outcome of a definite Force in humanity. Its products are essentially alike under all conditions. So universally alike, that the exceptions are phenomenal. Nevertheless, these

exceptions show, that there is also a force in humanity, which, when in operation, will bring forth a form of social life which will be communal—goods in common.

A few years ago I made an analysis of the Force which creates these civilizations. I found that said Force, is composed of two atoms—a woman and a man. Their leading and creative force, is an affinity to form family relationships. The Motto of which is, "Me and Mine." The reverse of yours. This Force, is of the animal in man and woman—all animals marry as they do. The civilizations alluded to rule by force, as the beasts of the fields do. All nations are true to their origin, and represent themselves emblematically as wild beasts; one is a bear, another a lion, &c. Nations are but aggregations of distinct families. They never coalesce, and the richer the family, the more distinct it is, and the more intense the emotion "Me, and Mine."

Were the Genus Homo, in possession of but one set of emotions, as all other animals are, we could have no conception of having goods in common. The fact that so many aspire to communal life, is evidence that there is in humanity a higher order of emotions, than those which refer themselves to animal life in man and woman.

Should you be so blest as to be able to call forth the God-element in your friends, and quicken into life its emotions, then you will have a divine form of social life. Its external manifestation will be goods in common, and its motto yours "The happiness of each, the first object of all."

Should yourself and friends decline to ignore these animal emotional forces;

then you will be content to refer yourselves to the aforesaid civilizations. And be assured, that all your efforts to manifest communal life, will be but

"As the snow-flake on the river,

A moment white, then melts forever."

We are not alone; the sentiment of living a life to the total exclusion of all propagative emotions, is prevailing.

I am truly your friend,

DANIEL FRASER

PORTLAND, ME., OCT. 1887.

MR. EDITOR:—Although I am not a Shaker, yet from what little I have gleaned from reading I have great respect for the *Shaker* view in their interpretations of the teachings of Jesus Christ. Particularly so since the doctrines of the Socialists as opposed to giant monopolies, have become rife in the land, has the words of Jesus in the light of Shaker interpretation looked reasonable to me.

But my object in this writing was to give a little account of my experience at a religious meeting, one of the "evangelical" kind, with their *monopolized* interpretation of Scripture. How long will Jesus endure the use of his name as sanction to dogmas having no Scriptural foundation whatever.

But the meeting—I felt a desire to attend the Sunday morning prayer meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at their rooms by the announced subject, "A word to moral young men." Having had my idea of about what the drift would be—upon attendance I was not only not disappointed but more fully confirmed in my opposition to such teachings which while denouncing "morality," indirectly encourages crime.

The nineteenth of Matthew 16—20, formed the basis for the topic of this meeting at which the first half hour was spent in prayers offered in the name of him who uttered these words. And then stopping where they did without including the 21st and 22nd verses, and putting in the mouth of Jesus a meaning which he did not utter or intend to teach, I felt to ask, how long will Jesus thus be mis-

represented, made to teach what he did not? And I felt to pray, that those who were trying to inculcate their false teachings upon others might have their eyes opened to the truth. Why did they not read and explain the 21st and 22nd verses, which were omitted and which contained not only practical morality but pointed the way to a real following of him who spake them? But no, a twisted contorted theological belief perverting the words "Kingdom of God" and the essentials for entering therein to a fancied *change* in the "new birth"—something mysterious and supernatural, instead of an actuality, something applicable to daily living. What right had they, morally, to leave out those two verses:—"Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions." Coming right up to the line of the meaning but not far enough to declare the true intent. Drawing a perverted inference from the first point and omitting the truth which would have been as destructive to their theories as ever was truth to falsehood. Thus has, and thus does the great orthodox body prosper to-day and what continues them in such success with men *capable* of thinking is what puzzles me.

Men look at things differently it is true, but one thing should be remembered, and that is, that prejudice governs in the formation of opinions almost always.

W. G. H.

REMARKS.—It is very true that the several classes of religionists look upon things very differently, and probably will never see eye to eye till they become of one faith and one baptism. How any teacher of a religious class can illustrate this remarkable interview between Jesus and the young man, without including the whole story, and make it consistent with itself, is to us a puzzle.

The young man sustained a good moral character, and Jesus accepted him so far, and the text says, "loved him." He was also in possession of some wealth,—"selfish property,"—and unless he consecrated this to the

Lord, he could not become a Christian. Jesus, evidently, wanted him to become a disciple, but with all his uprightness, according to the Mosaic law, Jesus says to him, One thing thou lackest, "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast [houses or lands, everything you own,] and give to the poor, thou come, take up the cross, and follow me."

It is no wonder that the young man went away filled with sorrow To give away all his earthly possessions, would reduce him to poverty and yet so long as he retained it he could not be a follower of Christ. Ed.

WAUPACA, WIS., SEPT. 1887.

HENRY C. BLINN,

Sir:—In an article in the Oct. No. of the Manifesto, I find the Elder has said that his "theology did not recognize the Bible as the word of God, that Jesus was not the Christ, and that the God of Israel was not the God of the Universe." I had read aloud to a dear friend, all the articles in the Manifesto, thus far, which she liked much, until I came to the above mentioned words, when she said she could not accept that, and seemed quite shocked. I have often thought that radical men, and women too, sometimes make very unqualified remarks even when they are trying to do good. If the Elder had explained *why* he believed so, it would probably have been all right, for I think he is a noble man, and a staunch Christian, although I have never had the pleasure of meeting him. Perhaps you could explain his meaning in a few words in the next Manifesto, and oblige your friend and well wisher,

H. N. M.

REMARKS.—1st. In the writing of articles for publication, people must write from what they have read, or heard others say, or from what they know by experience. As no two persons can think and feel exactly alike, at the same time, so it will be reasonable to conclude that no two will be likely to represent themselves exactly alike on any particular subject. Some persons almost bewilder us with a multiplicity of words, while others use so few that we are left to guess what they mean. Some are very speculative in

their illustrations, while others are laboriously practical.

A writer must be followed carefully, if we would understand fully, the thoughts he presents for inspection. When it is said that the Bible is not the word of God, the mind of the sensitive Protestant is wounded, as he has been taught to believe that the Bible from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation, is wholly God's inspired word.

The best scholars, however, in the Protestant church do not believe this, hence the revision of the Bible which they have so recently given to us. A book of God with not less than 150,000 errors, certainly needed the care of some good and wise men. On this subject there is antagonism, even in the Christian churches. The Catholics say that their Bible is the word of God, and that the Bible of the Protestants is a spurious record. On the other hand the Protestants call their Bible the word of God, and that of the Catholic church a book not suitable to be read. This being the case, we need not wonder if individuals sometimes express an opinion. It does not hurt the book and need do no harm to the reader if he prays as he reads.

We think you will find it difficult to point out the place where it is recorded that the Bible is the inspired word of God. The passage that came the nearest to this claim, has been found to be spurious and as a matter of course corrected in the revision.

Read the sixteenth verse of the third chapter in the second epistle to Timothy. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, &c." This has been changed to read, All scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine, &c. If the first reading was the Word of God, what shall we say of the last?

The Bible tells its own story, that it suffered from the hands of artful, selfish, designing men who have not hesitated to change the text to advance their own religious interests. Words, verses and even the half of a chapter that have been for years upon years, fitted into sermons and lectures to frighten the hearers into one form of theology and out of another, are now of no force in illustration, and but few would have patience to hear them repeated. Do you wonder that

some persons who hate to be deceived, are ready to say that the Bible is not in its every chapter, the Word of God.

2nd. What does the Bible say about Jesus Christ?

Who was Jesus?

Ans. The son of man.

Who was Christ?

Ans. The son of God.

When Jesus was commissioned to preach, he was anointed at the baptism of John, and was then known as Jesus Christ, or Jesus the anointed.

It is of far more importance that we learn to live as he lived, than it is that we should be over anxious about the name by which he was known. If we say Jesus, or Christ or Jesus Christ or Christ Jesus, with the mind to depart from all unrighteousness, we shall probably come pretty near the mark.

3rd. The interrogation put forth by John would be quite as pertinent at this day as it was at an earlier date. "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? Job xi., 7.

Finite as we are, it is in all probability quite impossible for us to know everything, but if we have learned that the power which rules the Sun, Moon and Stars, as well as our little earth, is known and feared and loved as our God, Creator of the universe and all that therein is, then we have a knowledge not to be despised. This same power, evidently ruled when Adam was in Eden and has ruled heaven and earth from that day to this. Theologians sometimes arrange their arguments so curiously that you may take from or add to them, and the change does but little or no harm. At the best, it is generally considered that the study of theology is of far less value than a life of practical righteousness. Ed.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

RETROSPECTION.

M. J. TATTERTON.

ANOTHER year has passed into eternity with its sad and pleasant records. Pleasant as it speaks of victories gained over self and temptations to error. One thing is certain the New Year finds us one year nearer our Eternal Home the state of perfection or vice versa. At the beginning of the year it is customary for thoughtful persons to make new resolutions concerning their conduct in the future; it is generally regarded as a favorable opportunity to forsake bad habits and commence the journey of life afresh determined that the soul shall gain the ascendancy over the grosser elements of our natures. We need firmness and courage to carry out a whole hearted devotion and to arm the soul with every advantage possible, to review our past lives, to test our motives, affections and inclinations. What eye save one which seeth in secret notes the efforts of the soul to walk with God, or the repentance for follies and sins of the past? There are seasons of soul refreshing and renewing when baptized in the love of God the Christian starts anew on the heavenly journey. God grant that the closing and the beginning, and indeed every day of the present and coming years may be blest by the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit; which shall be the means of drawing our hearts from earth to heaven or in other words while faithfully performing our work on earth, securely placing our soul's treasure, "where no moth corrupteth or thief approacheth."

Canterbury, N. H.

USE temporal things, but desire eternal.

IT DOESN'T PAY TO WORRY.

If you would keep a book, and everyday put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you, and you lose your temper, and you justify yourself in being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance, and put it down in your little book, and follow it out and see what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter. The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us ashamed of the fuss we made over them, and we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations. Let us think only on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and gentle, and of good report.—*Selected.*

A HEALTHY FRUIT.

A LAZY dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make you so healthy and strong?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered his friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry, and I am never troubled with indigestion."—*Selected.*

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.—If men would be at half the pains to provide themselves "treasures in heaven," which they are generally at to get estates here on earth, it were impossible for any man to be d . . . d. But when we come to earthly matters, we do; when to heavenly, we only *discourse*: heaven has our tongues and talk, but the earth our whole man besides.—*South.*

EVERY may-be hath a may-not-be.

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Editorial.

THE NEW YEAR.

WITH this number we enter upon the eighteenth volume of THE MANIFESTO. We trust it may be to all a new year of peace, prosperity and spiritual growth. Our duty before God and toward man should be more clearly defined, that our growth in knowledge, and the order of our lives may move in harmony with each other. It is of much more consequence to us what we may do and how we may live, than it is for us to be over anxious about the work of redemption in other souls.

First, be assured that we abide in the true vine; that we are living branches, and that we are able to sustain other branches.

Like the sower that went forth to sow; some of our efforts to do good may not have met with our anticipated success. The glad tidings to humanity and the doctrine of good will to man has often been received much after the same manner.

We have received all, however, that a disciple of the divine Teacher could ask. The compensation has been liberal for the amount of labor expended.

Since the publishing of our first paper many remarkable changes have transpired in the religious world, and we enjoy the thought that our little messenger, even in its simplicity, has rendered some aid in moulding a more liberal spirit among those who are on their pilgrimage to the Holy City.

THE MANIFESTO has ever rejoiced in the prosperity of the upright, and felt assured that ample compensation would be awarded for every deed of charity and love. If true to our mission we cannot do otherwise than walk in the path of the Savior of Men. Bear a daily cross against the elements of the world; renounce its relations and crucify all its affections and lusts. Heal the sick. Cast out evil influences. Assist the lame to walk. Restore sight to the blind, and in the spirit of our God "undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free." "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." This is the permanent, safe way, and beyond which it would be difficult to pass.

In the future as in the years that have passed before us, THE MANIFESTO will work assiduously for the growth of righteousness and peace in the earth. For the inflowing of the spirit of God which is able to establish and to maintain the new heavens and new earth, and for that increase in divine knowledge, so essential, in the judicious care of the body,—the temple of God,—that we may be better able to judge correctly for the soul.

The kingdom of heaven, said Jesus,

is already within you, and the Revelator wrote, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God." After this manner let us teach, and so live that God may dwell in us.

Our work is in the interest of freedom; in breaking the chains that enslave the body, that makes of the image of God, a beast of burden, and no less, in breaking the bonds that hold the spirit of man a willing slave to the sins of the world. It is in the learning and teaching of that form of truth that shall make the soul free in Christ. In the testimony that brings forward a new life, and makes of every man and of every woman, a new creature, that they may be known while on the earth, as children of God.

With those of diverse faith, and maintaining other forms of religious life we can have no time to contend. God is their judge! It is best for "every man to be fully persuaded in his own mind," and then to work accordingly; and with our best exertion, we shall probably find enough to do at home. Very little, if any good can be accomplished by controversy, especially as it is said to lead to the gates of h . . l.

It is our duty through the columns of THE MANIFESTO and in our daily lives, to declare our faith by works of righteousness, and to establish this confidence in the minds of all men that we do live in accordance with the doctrine that we publish before the world.

PLEASANT roads make pleasant drives.
Pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives.

Sanitary.

NECESSITY OF PROPER MASTICATION.

THE food is often washed into the stomach with one of various liquids without mastication, and we may with safety and great propriety add, that unless there is some change in the food habit of children, our success in the direction of tooth-preservation will be but limited. Fluids must be restricted at meal time. Solid food must be substituted for the semi-solid, and the eight or ten minutes usually occupied in the consumption of a meal must be extended to twenty-five or thirty minutes. I say constantly to the parents of my young patients: If you want to save this child's teeth, you must banish drink from the table during meal time; let the children drink all they want before and after meals, but at meals the food should be taken as nearly dry as possible, and let the child spend half an hour or more in its mastication, utilizing the natural secretions—not washing down its food with copious draughts without an effort on the part of the teeth to triturate and prepare it for the subsequent digestive process. I want to make it clear that, in my estimation, the loss of function is one great cause of this rapid decay of teeth. The healthy or normal development of the teeth is exactly in proportion to the stimulus of the resistance that is offered to them in the mastication of food.—*Exchange.*

GOOD RULES FOR WINTER.

KEEP the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also, the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth almost closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.—*Sanitarian*.

A REFRESHING DRINK.—A drink that is truly refreshing for one suffering from sore throat or cold, is made by pouring a quart of boiling water over a carefully washed handful of Irish moss. Let it stand until the water is cool, then strain through a muslin bag; add sugar and lemon juice, with a few thin slices of lemon, until it is about like a mild lemonade; a little cinnamon is considered an addition by some people.—*American Queen*.

Temperance.

ABOUT 50,000,000 pages were printed by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association last year.

"WHAT is whiskey bringing, do you ask? I'll tell you; it is bringing men to prison and to the gallows, and it is bringing women and children to poverty and want."

There never was a truer answer than this. It is estimated that it sends to prison every year one hundred thousand men and women. Twenty thousand children are sent to the workhouse annually by drink. Three hundred murders are caused by intemperance every year. Two hundred thousand children are made orphans every year, by this dreadful evil; and sixty-five thousand are killed by intemperance every year, in this country.—*Messenger of Peace*.

WHEN you hear that a man drinks, it means that he does not know when or how much to drink.

Defile not the mouth with impure words.

LET IN THE SUNLIGHT.

HAMILTON DE GRAW.

How that call already brightens all the hopes of the mind. Let in the sunlight. To the pale sickly plant striving to grow in the damp mildew lined cellar how refreshing and invigorating is the sunlight. Watch the gradual change from the faded and colorless tissues to the deep green and healthy look that has been wrought in its organism through the agency of the sunlight. As the sun is the material fountain from which flows the life invigorating elements that make the universe habitable to both animal and vegetable organisms, so from the fountain of Eternal Truth come those life inspiring forces that illumine the soul of man and enable him to grow in the spirit. O the wail that comes up out of the subterranean caverns where souls are pining in darkness. "Give us the light! Let in the sunlight on our souls or we perish!" When I see souls who should stand upright walking in the image of their Creator an honor to the truth and a glory on the earth, groveling in the lowest depths of those appetites and passions that completely shut out the sunlight and make the chambers of the soul only a fit habitation for bats and lizards, how I wish that some spiritual earthquake would shatter the walls of the imprisoned soul and open it to God's blessed sunlight.

Refreshing showers are often needed in the spiritual as well as the physical world, moral convulsions, loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning to awaken the dormant soul; but after all it would be useless if the sunlight of God's love did not come to warm and inspire with new life the now quickened soul.

Sonyea, N. Y.

Juvenile.

ENFIELD, CONN. 1888.

DEAR CHILDREN:—You stand upon the portals of another New Year. What may await you in 1888 you know not, but if you follow "the high path of duty," all will be well. Make this year the best year of your lives, better for yourselves and for others. Approach nearer to the Christian standard in those virtues that make and adorn Christian character. How much room there is for improvement, and how grateful you should be for further opportunities to make a better record. The use you make of your opportunities decides the question of your gain or loss day by day. It is by seeking for and appropriating that which is true and pure that you grow in spiritual strength.

Make the most of time. Time that is lost God will require. Time well spent brings abiding joy, the sweetest and the best. Each hour is a priceless gift. Take care of the hours and the days will take care of themselves. Don't mind the moment that is past, but the moment that is present. Save all the moments you can by prudence and industry. The moments pass by so swiftly, that if they are not applied to a good purpose, the years are left periodically blank.

Each day keep good vows. God will give you strength to live each day when it comes. Strive to make each day such an one as He would wish you to live. Improve the to-days and you will have no regret for the yester-days, no fear for the to-morrows, but will go onward till you have reached the final to-morrow—the to-morrow that will last through eternity.

Your Brother,

DANIEL ORCUTT.

"Be not weary in well-doing." Gal. vi, 9.

Why should we weary in doing well if we are striving for something better than that which we already possess? Were we unwilling to make any effort to do or be good we should soon find ourselves lacking that firmness and constancy which characterizes the lives of our older Brethren and Sisters.

We must be constant and earnest if we would gain the true riches promised to those only who are willing to work unceasingly for the right. Let us be constantly aiming toward that which is highest and best, for "in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

We can easily perceive that if the gardener did not care faithfully, each day, for his flowers and fruits, weeds would grow up very soon and spoil his choicest plants. It is just so with our spiritual growth, if we neglect to care for the beautiful flowers of Honesty, Truth and Purity, our lives show it by a gradual development of that which is of the world; then let us not grow weary in well-doing.

J. L.

Enfield, N. H.

ACROSTIC.

Prayer and Praise from Psalms.

Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity. xxvi., 1.

Unto thee, O Lord, do we give thanks. lxx., 1.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight. xix., 14.

In the Lord put I my trust. xl., 1.

And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee. ix., 11.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? xxii., 1.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth. xxv., 10.

The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want. xxiii., 1.

I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. xxiii., 6.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad.

xcvi., 11.

Draw nigh unto my soul and redeem it. lxxix., 18.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord. lxxxix., 5.

Deliver me from mine enemies O my God. xlix., 1.

Arise for our help, and redeem us for thy mercies' sake. xlv., 26.

Let those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee. lxx., 4.

The Lord is my strength and my shield. xxviii., 7.

Give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good cxxxvi., 1.

Nevertheless he regarded their affliction when he heard their cry. cvi., 44.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

CAN you put the spider's web back in its place,

That once has been swept away?

CAN you put the apple again on the bough,

That fell at our feet to day?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
 And cause it to live and grow?
 Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,
 That was crushed by a cruel blow?
 Can you put the petals back on the rose?
 If you could, would it smell as sweet?
 Can you put the flour again in the husk,
 And show me the ripened wheat?
 You think that these questions are trifling, dear,
 Let me ask you another one:
 Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,
 Or an unkind deed undone?—*Woman's Journal.*

TRUE TO GOD.

NEVER lower your principles to the world's standard. Never let sin, however popular it may be, have any sanction or countenance from you, even by a smile. The manly confession of Christ, when his cause is unpopular, is made by himself the condition of his confessing us before men. If people find out that we are earnestly religious, as they soon will if the light is shining, let us make them heartily welcome to the intelligence. And then, again, in order that the lights may shine without obstruction, we must be simple and study simplicity. This is by no means so easy as it at first sight appears; for in this highly artificial and pretentious age, all society is overlaid with numerous affectations. Detest affectation as the contrary of truth and as hypocrisy on a small scale, and allow yourselves to be seen freely by those around you in true colors. There is an affectation of indifference to all things, and a lack of sensibility which is becoming very prevalent in this age, which is the sworn foe to simplicity of character. The persons who labor under this moral disorder pretend to have lost their freshness of interest in everything; for them, as they would have it believed, there is no surprise and no enthusiasm. As Christians, we must eschew untruth in every form; we must labor to seem just what we are, neither better nor worse. To be true to God and to the thought of his presence all day long, and to let self occupy as little as possible of our thoughts; to care much for his approval, and comparatively little for the impression we are making upon others; to feed the inward light with oil, and

then freely to let it shine—this is the great secret of edification. May he indoctrinate us into it, and dispose and enable us to illustrate it in our practice.—*Dr. Goulburn, in Sabbath Recorder.*

To me, God has promised, not the Heaven of the ascetic temper, or the dogmatic theologian, or of the subtle mystic, or of the stern martyr ready alike to inflict and bear; but a Heaven of purified and permanent affections; of a book of knowledge with eternal leaves, and unbounded capacities to read it; of those we love ever around us, never misconceiving us or being harassed by us; of glorious work to do, and adequate facilities to do it; a world of solved problems, as well as of realized ideals. The many mansions in my Father's House are many, not in number only, but in variety.—*Greg.*

THE NEW LEAF.

A. A. HOPKINS.

O WOULD our leaves of life were fair
 With faithful writing everywhere!
 O would that love shone clear and true
 Each plan and purpose ever through;
 That zeal did never faint and tire;
 That hope ne'er waned to low desire;
 That so each New Year's dawn should bring
 The old year's buds to blossoming;
 And so all plans and hopes should tend
 Through patient work to perfect end!
 —*Selected.*

VAIN EXPECTATIONS. If you should see a man digging in a snowdrift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds on the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections, and holy principles?—*Selected.*

Preserve thyself in chastity if thou wouldst wear the white robes of angelhood. *M. J. A.*

BRIGHT VISION.

CANTERBURY, N. H.

There's land be-yond, I see the height, Press on, my soul, nor fear the

night; A broader truth, a purer love Shall guide thee to those realms a-bove.

A voice from out the "Higher plane" Calls Zion to bap - tize again, To live

in God in works of truth, In love which o-ver - comes the earth.

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KIND WORDS.

Pleasant Hill, Ky.

Beloved Elder Henry;—I kindly thank you for publishing the "Gospel Testimony of Mother Ann Lee and the Elders, William Lee and James Whittaker." Their testimony is the word of God, and the power of Christ to my soul. It will endure forever.

N. Brown.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to wake till the heavens be no more; and when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night, but which of your mornings or nights will be such you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loosely about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaking the ground, it is ready for the sickle: when the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one; and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is there before us.—*Selected.*

Deaths.

Louise Guest, at Pleasant Hill, Ky., Oct. 30, 1887. Age 63 yrs. 7 mo. and 11 days.

She is blessed with those who die in the Lord, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

N. B.

Elder Lemuel C. Torrey, at Watervliet, Ohio. Nov. 4, 1887. Age 63 yrs. 7 mo. and 22 days.

Rachel Wallace, at South Family, Union Village, Ohio, Nov. 16, 1887. Age 39 yrs. 2 mo. and 7 days.

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